

The Sunbury American.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 11, NO. 14.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 18, NO. 40

The Sunbury American.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY H. B. MASSER,
Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

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THE ATTORNEY AT LAW, E. B. MASSER, Market Square, Sunbury, Pa.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Montour and Columbia.

References in Philadelphia:
Messrs. J. B. Treves, Charles G. Smith & Co., Huns & Sons, & S. B. Souders.

NEW STORE.

ELIAS EMERICH,
Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Montour and Columbia.

References in Philadelphia:
Messrs. J. B. Treves, Charles G. Smith & Co., Huns & Sons, & S. B. Souders.

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of

Lower Augusta township and the public generally, that he has purchased the

lot of land situated in Lower Augusta township near Emmerich's Tavern, and has just opened a splendid stock of

Fall and Winter Goods.

His stock consists of Cloths, Cassimeres, Casimeres of all kinds, Linen, cotton and Worsted.

Also, Calicoes, Ginghams, Lawns, Mousseline De Laine, and all kinds of Ladies Dress Goods, GROCERIES, Hardware, Queensware of various styles and patterns.

Also, an assortment of Ready-Made Clothing of all descriptions. Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps. SALT FISH, &c., and a variety of other articles such as are suitable to the trade, all of which will be sold at the lowest prices.

Country produce taken in exchange at the highest market prices.

Lower Augusta town, October 10, 1857.—E. B. MASSER.

ALEXANDER KERR,

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN SALT.

134 South Wharves, Philadelphia, Pa.

ASHTON FINE LIVERPOOL GRAIN.

Ashton and Star Mills Dairy assorted sizes, constantly on hand and for sale in lots to suit the trade.

W. B.—Orders solicited. March 13, 1858.—6m

PATENT WHEEL GREASE.

THIS Grease is recommended to the notice of Wagons, Livery Stable keepers, &c., as being superior to any of the kind ever introduced. As it does not gum upon the axles

is much more durable, and is not affected by the weather, remaining the same in summer and winter, and put up in cisterns at 374 and 574 cents, for sale by A. W. FISHER, March 14, 1857.—1y

FRUIT, NUTS AND PROVISIONS.

N. HELLINGS,
No. 12 North Wharves, Philadelphia.

100,000 lbs. Dried Apples,
2,000 bushels Peas,
600 barrels Green Apples,
600 boxes Oranges,
200 boxes Lemons,
2,000 bushels Potatoes,
1,000 bushels Beans,
100 doz. Pickles.

Also Raisins, Figs, Prunes, &c., in store and sale at the lowest prices.

UNBURY STEAM FLOURING MILL

THE subscribers respectfully announce to the public, that their new Steam Flouring Mill this place, has been completed, and will go into operation on Monday the 31st day of August, inst.

Having engaged a competent and careful miller, they trust they will be able, with all the modern improvements adopted in their mill, to afford entire satisfaction to all who may favor them with their custom.

SNYDER, BINEHART & HARRISON,
Sunbury, August 29, 1857.—4

GILBERT BULSON,

Successor to
O. CAMPBELL & CO., AND L. C. IVES,
(Formerly No. 15 North Wharves.)

ALBION PRODUCE, FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

ALBION PRODUCE, FRUIT AND VEGETABLES, No. 4 North Wharves, 4th door street, Philadelphia.

Apples, Dried Fruits, Butter, Nuts, Onions, Mercer Potatoes, Cheese, Beans, Tomatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Peas, Nuts, Peaches, Cranberries, Eggs, &c., &c. For shipping put up with care and dispatch.

GOODS sold on commission for Farmers Dealers, October 24, 1857.—1y

\$10 and \$15 Single and Double Threaded Empire Family Sewing Machines.

AGENCY for the sale of these Sewing Machines can be secured on liberal terms in the County of Northumberland. No one need go without capital sufficient to conduct the business properly and who cannot bring references to reliability and capacity. A personal call will be necessary.

For peculiar adaptations of these Machines for purposes of Family Sewing, will, where ever offered for sale command a ready and titled demand.

JOHNSON & GOODALL,
Corner of 14th and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, June 15, 1857.—4f

BANKERS' BLANKS!

ANK Deeds, Mortgages, Bonds, Warrants Attachments, Commitments, Summons, Subpoenas, Executions, Justices' and Constables' Bills, &c., &c., can be had by applying at office.

ICKLES of various kinds, Lobsters, Sardines, &c., &c., just received, and for sale Drug Store of A. W. FISHER, 1857, August 1, 1857.—1y

Poetry.

The following beautiful extract from T. Buchanan Read's celebrated "Pastoral" poem describes the beauties of Pennsylvania's noble stream eminently true and pleasant:

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Fair Pennsylvania! that thy midland valleys,
Lying 'twixt hills of green, and bound afar
By billowy mountains rising in the blue,
No lovelier landscape meets the traveller's eye,
Than Labor rests and soaks his weary feet,
And Peace and Plenty walk amid the glow
And perfume of full garner. I have seen
In lands less free, but far more known,
The streams which flow through history, and
wash
The legendary shores, and cleave in vain
Old capitals and towns, dividing
Great empires, and estates of petty kings,
And princes, whose domains, full many a field,
Bristling with maize, along our native West,
Outmeasures, and might put to shame! And yet
Nor Rhine, like Bacchus, crowned and reeling
Nor Nile, like Danube, married with tyranny;
His dull waves moaning on Hungarian shores;
Nor rapid Po, his opaque waters pouring
Athwart the fairest, fruitfulness, and most
Enlivened of European lands; nor Seine,
Which, winding uncertainly inconstant France;
Ate half so far as thy broad stream, whose
breast
Is gemmed with many isles; and whose proud
name
Shall yet become among the names of rivers,
A synonyme of beauty.—SUSQUEHANNA.

Select Tale.

RETRIBUTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR TO ASHLEY."

CHAPTER III.

A WARNING.

It was a blazing hot day in August, some years later. More especially hot it fell at the railway station of Offord, a quiet country village, for it was a small, bare station, with a few benches, and a little corner of shade off the sun's hot glare. The 2 o'clock train came puffing up, stopped, deposited a few passengers and a good deal of luggage, and went screaming and puffing on again.

Nearly all the day of August, 1857, and laid him upon it, and looked up with a hopeless, helpless expression at the lawyer's clerk, the words scarcely audible which came from her white lips:

"A doctor—where does one live?"

"I'll fetch him, madam; I'll run every step of the way. I don't mind the heat," cried the sympathizing clerk.

He did not wait another moment, but sped away. Leopold was conveyed in-doors; and, before the surgeon had got into the carriage, seemed to have come on the run—the child had recovered consciousness, and Fitch had washed the wound, which now seemed disarmed of three parts of its terrors. Mr. and Mrs. Yorke were at breakfast. He shook hands with Mrs. Yorke, then turned, with his hands clasped, towards Mrs. Yorke, and said to her, "You were so kind to see me, but I don't move his own to indicate a chair."

"Thank you, I am pressed for time," replied Mr. Janson, laying his hand on the back of the chair, but not taking it. "This is my friend, Mr. Leopold, a gentleman, and a great invalid. She lives a little past you, up the road. How is my young patient?"

"He seems much better," answered Mrs. Yorke. "He is asking to get up."

"A most disagreeable piece of carelessness to have suffered it to happen," interposed Mr. Yorke. "I have told the head nurse that should she ever be guilty of such negligence again, she quits Mrs. Yorke's service. It might have killed him."

"Yes, it might," added Mr. Janson. "Can I go to his room?"

"Mrs. Yorke rose. 'The one on the right, on the second floor,' she said. 'I will follow you directly. Fitch is there.'

"Mr. Janson passed from the room and ascended the stairs; Mrs. Yorke stopped to speak to her husband.

"I must hear his opinion of the child, and shall go up; would you like to accompany me?" she asked, not wholly able to conceal the contempt of her tone.

"No," he said shortly, both Mr. Janson and Mrs. Yorke. "He is so much better, that the difficulty will be to keep him quiet," said the former. "He must be still for a day or two."

"Yes, I have but two,"

"I will send up the medicine I spoke of, and call again in the morning," said Mr. Janson, rising. "Make my compliments to Mr. Yorke."

"Mr. Yorke departed, and Mrs. Yorke looked after him. As he turned to close the iron gate, he saw her standing at the window, and politely raised his hat, and Mrs. Yorke politely bowed in return. Politely—the word is not advisedly; whatever there may have been of love or romance between them a few years ago, it was over now. Whatever sentimental reminiscences each had hitherto retained of the other, they knew that from that afternoon henceforth they subsided into their proper and respective positions—Mrs. Yorke as another's wife, and Mr. Janson, but as a friend of her and her husband's—as honorable, right-minded persons, in similar cases, ought, and would, and do subsist.

Mr. Yorke, after exploring as far as he thought necessary that day, turned back to his new house. His thoughts ran not on the features of the village, or on the scenery around, or on the fishing, or the shooting; they dwelt exclusively on the few words of Mr. Maskeil's which had reference to the surgeon. Mr. Yorke hated that surgeon with a deep and nourished hate, and he would infinitely have preferred to find he had visited a locality where the arch-friend Edward Janson.

He was drawing pretty near to his own gate when he saw a gentleman emerge from it. A shudder strange and cold passed through Mr. Yorke's veins. Was it sent as a warning—the precursor of what was to come? Yes, it was Janson, and no other! What had he already found out the way to his home—to his wife? Mr. Yorke's lips opened, and his teeth parted with a savage motion, somewhat like a tiger's.

Mr. Janson did not observe him. He walked straight across the road, got over a stile, and went away very quickly along a field path. "He will try to avoid my observation," thought Mr. Yorke, in his present mood; and he had been told the real facts of the case, and he was no other doctor within miles, and the safety of his son and his wife was at stake.

The neighborhood had hastened to make acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Yorke, one day on an intimate call for them to take a quiet dinner at Spire Highgate's. It was accepted by both, for Leopold's intermittent fever was subsiding, and they were no longer under alarm for him.

They found a small party of seven at the square, themselves included. The eighth seat was meant for Mr. Janson, but he had been called out suddenly, and was unable to come. The gentlemen's conversation turned chiefly upon out-door sports, and after dinner

"I shall soon have done. Charlotte," she called out over the banisters, "see to Master Leo."

"When Fitch and the clerk had finished the inventory, the latter proceeded to the small room on the ground-floor which had been appropriated as the nursery. In the list it was set down as 'Charlotte's room.' Charlotte, the under nurse, sat there, with the youngest child asleep on her lap.

"Where's Master Leo?" asked Fitch, abbreviating, as she usually did, his name, "Leopold," sent him here, and ordered you to see after him."

"He didn't come," was Charlotte's answer, "and the child was just dropping off to sleep. He wouldn't come here to me, if he could go to his mamma."

"You'd let him be with his mamma forever, would you, if it saved you a little trouble," cried Fitch, who of course dominated over Charlotte, up-nurse-fashion. "I hate this morning, I do—such a bother! Nothing to be got at, and one's regular meals and hours upset. I'm as tired as a poor jaded horse; and you sitting here, doing nothing, with that child on your lap! You might have put him down and got a cup of tea for us."

"I'm I to put him on the floor?" retorted Charlotte. "I don't know which is to be the children's bed."

Fitch flung out of the room in search of Leo. Her labors that day, and the discomfort around her, made her cross. He was not to be touched in doors, and she went to her garden. Very soon a shriek of horror and fright arose from her. It drew her mistress out, and the lawyer's clerk, who had been departing, heard it, and ran back to its direction.

Leopold Yorke had met with a ladder, reared against the side of the house, and had climbed up in all a boy's adventurous spirit. He had fallen off, poor child, it was impossible to say from what height, and now lay insensible on the gravel, with an ugly gash in his forehead, from which the blood was oozing.

Fitch stopped her groans and lamentations, and stooped to pick him up. But Mrs. Yorke snatched him from her, and crouched in a nook in the hall, and hid her face, and laid him upon it, and looked up with a hopeless, helpless expression at the lawyer's clerk, the words scarcely audible which came from her white lips:

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when coffee was over they went out, that Mr. Yorke might see a pond on the grounds where the fish were being preserved, leaving the ladies alone.

"Mr. Janson came in, but scarcely had he had time to explain the cause of his absence when a servant appeared and told him he was wanted."

"How tiresome!" exclaimed the hostess. "A doctor's time is never his own," he remarked, good humoredly. "Is it my surgery boy, or no, sir. It is a footman from Alrick Cottage. He says your boy sent him on here."

"This excited the alarm of Mrs. Yorke. 'Leopold must be worse!' she exclaimed. 'As it proved to be, Master Leopold was taken worse, the man said, a talking nonsense and not knowing a word of it, and hotter than ever. Fitch was frightened, and had sent him for Mr. Janson.'

Mrs. Yorke grew frightened also, and said she must go home immediately. They tried to keep her, and to soothe her fears. Mr. Janson said he would go, and make haste to report to her. It was of no use—Neither would she wait till Mr. Yorke came in."

"Then, if you will allow me, I will be your escort," said Mr. Janson.

"Indeed I shall be much obliged to you," she answered. And hurriedly putting on her shawl, she departed with him, one of the latest in her black silk hood for her head. She had anticipated returning in the carriage. It was a beautiful night in September, nearly as light as day, for the harvest moon was high, just the night poets are fond of consecrating to lovers; but Mr. Janson and Mrs. Yorke walked along fast, and in so sad a mood, neither remembering—at least so far as was suffered to appear—that they had ever been more to each other than they were now.

The three gentlemen were strolling along the banks of the fish pond, smoking their cigars and talking. Suddenly one of them espied a couple walking arm in arm on the path in the higher ground, some distance off.

"It looks like Janson," cried Spire Highgate. "How on the earth with one knee and that limp way he flourishes his cane, too. Who is the lady? I wonder? So ho, Master Janson! a good excuse for not joining us; you are more agreeably employed."

Mrs. Yorke smiled grimly; his eye, keen as it was, struck her. She was in a fever over the hood disguised her. They smoked out their cigars, and returned to the house.

"Have we not a good joke against Janson?" cried Spire Highgate. "I'll rate him for his impudence, in walking about in the moonlight with some damsel on his arm, as snug as may be."

"Is he now?" returned one of the ladies laughing the joke. "Who can it be?"

"Oh, some of our village beauties. Master Janson has got an eye for a pretty girl, I know, quite as he seems. His making love to her had enough, 'I'll be bound.'

"Then you had better look out, Mr. Yorke," laughed Mrs. Highgate, "for the lady is your own wife."

"That's a very good joke," said Mrs. Yorke. "I don't know what you mean. She had spoken innocently, never for a moment dreaming that her words could bear any interpretation but that of a joke to the ear of Mr. Yorke. And happily she did not see the livid look, the awful expression which came upon his face, as he turned it to the window, as if he would look out on the pleasant moonlight."

"How comes it to be Mrs. Yorke?" demanded the squire. And his wife explained. Still Mr. Yorke did not speak. One of the party advanced and stood at his side. "A fine prospect for this window, is it not?"

"Very."

"Will you cut in for what? How unfortunate to have our tables broken up! We can't make two, now. Janson rarely plays at cards, but I meant to have pressed him into the service to-night."

"I am going home," said Mr. Yorke. "No, no," said Mrs. Highgate. "The child will do very well. Mr. Janson did not seem to anticipate danger; he said nurses were easily alarmed."

"I expect he did not," dryly remarked Mr. Yorke. "Thank you, not to-night," he added turning on the cards spread out to him—another time."

"Yorke's in a fever over that child," cried the squire, knowingly, as his guest departed; "I can read it in his queer manner. Did you notice how he altered? What a nonsense child must be! Glad we have got none."

Mr. Yorke was not in a fever over the child; but Mr. Yorke was in a fever over something else. He was positively believing in spite of all improbabilities; that the story of the illness had been a got up excuse, got up between his wife and Mr. Janson, to let him have a half day's rest, and a half. And he clenched his hands, and gnashed his teeth, and strode fiercely along in his foaming jealousy.

He stole in at his own gate and reconnoitered the house. The general sitting-room was in darkness, its window open; they were not there. A light shone up stairs in Leopold's chamber, and one also in his wife's bedroom.

He stole up stairs, stealthily still, and entered the bedroom. His wife stood there, at the foot of the bed, her shawl still on, and the hood flung back from her head, and Mr. Janson was seated on a chair at his side, leaning over Leopold. He lay on his back, his little face a transparent white, as if he had been lately, and by chocks and lips a most lovely pale crimson. His eyes were wide open, and looked very bright.

"Papa!" said he, half raising his head, when Mr. Yorke entered.

"I don't see why Fitch should have got so frightened," said Mrs. Yorke to her husband. "He is quite rational now, and seems but little worse than he always does when the fever is upon him."

"What do you mean by thus having sent to alarm us?" demanded Mr. Yorke, in a sharply irritating tone, as the nurse entered the room with her night-light, which she had been down to fetch. "Frightened, indeed! Did you send?"

"I never knew any child change so," returned she, almost as irritably as her master. "He was burning with fever, as bad as ever he has been; but I wonder in his delirium I was frightened, sir, and I sent off for Mr. Janson; I didn't send for you and missus. No sooner had the man gone than he dropped asleep, and has now woken up calm—almost as much as to insinuate that I'm telling stories."

"This class of fevers will fluctuate," interposed Mr. Janson. "One hour the patient seems at death's door, and the next scarcely

ill at all. Something has certainly increased it to-night, but he will do well."

"I ever I saw any human body so changed as master Leo since we came here!" uttered Fitch to Charlotte, that same evening. "Formerly he used to be pleasant enough in the house, unless anything crossed him, but now he is as growling and snappish as a bull put up for baiting. I wonder in his delirium he gave him a bit of her mind. I wish he'd go off to Scotland, as he did last year."

Another Prodigy.

A negro woman belonging to Mr. Samuel Stiles, of Henderson, Ky., gave birth to four living children, joined together by pairs in a still more peculiar manner than the Siamese twins. The two boys are connected at the shoulder, and from the hip to the knee joint, leaving the lower joint of the legs and feet perfectly free. The girls are joined at the shoulder with this difference from the boys, that they have but one arm issuing from the junction of their shoulders. They are joined from the hip down to the foot—the two legs ending in one foot.

In regard to the color of the children, nature seems to have been quite as eccentric as in their formation, one of the boys being black and the other as white as the child of a white woman; and so with the girls. They all seem to be perfectly healthy, and the mother is doing uncommonly well.

Mr. Stiles, who is a man of wealth, takes great pleasure in showing the twins to his friends, and their "leaves" have been greatly crowded for the last day or two.

"What is the best line to lead a man with?" Crimoline.

"What is the best line to lead a woman with?" Masculine.

Select Poetry.

EDEN IS MY HOME.

Oh! I have roamed through many lands,
A stranger to delight;
No friendship hopes, nor love's sweet smiles,
Could make me gaily bright;
Till on the sky a star arose,
And lit my soul's desire.

Oh! steer my bark by that sweet star,
For Eden is my home.
Oh! Eden is my place of rest,
I seek my home in Eden's shade;
To make these troubles from my breast,
And weep and sigh no more;
To that fair land my spirit flies,
And angels hail me there.

Oh! Eden is my home,
Where I was born, and where I live;
Where I will spend my life,
For Eden is my home.
Oh! take me from this world of woe,
To my sweet home above,
Where tears of sorrow never flow,
And all the air is love;
My spirit waits for me,
To lead me to my home above;
Oh! steer my bark by that bright star,
For Eden is my home.

Farmers' Department.

COAL ASHES.—The inquiry is often heard, "Are coal ashes worth anything as fertilizers. The following analysis, made by the late Professor Norton, of Yale College, may serve to answer this interrogation. The ashes were obtained for experiment entirely free from vegetable substances, and the constituents of 100 parts each of the ashes of white and red-ash coal, yielded of

White Ash.	Red Ash.	
Matter Insoluble	82.98	85.65
Soluble Silica	0.00	1.24
Alumina	2.25	4.24
Iron		